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SUFFERINGS OF THE JEWS.

"A PEOPLE SCATTERED AND PEELED; A NATION METED OUT AND TRODDEN UNDER FOOT."



GROUP OF SYRIAN JEWS.

BRADBURY AND EVANS,

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SUFFERINGS OF THE JEWS.

"Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter, as a Christian is?"

PASSING the "Mansion House," the palace of the City monarch, we observed large placards announcing that the bankers, merchants, traders, and others, of London, were that day to assemble in the "Egyptian Hall," with the Lord Mayor in the chair, for the purpose of making a public testimony of sympathy with the Jews of Damascus. We therefore entered that handsome hall, the usual scene of civic hospitality, but now thrown open for a scene of generous sympathy and indignant reprobation; and were gratified exceedingly by the proceedings of the meeting. Here was one of the many proofs, that the bankers and merchants of London are not so wholly absorbed by dividends, shares, bills, discounts, the rise of sugars and the fall of grain, but they can find time to speak out on behalf of the oppressed; and, by means of the "swift messengers" of the press, send abroad over the world, not a faint and feeble whisper, but a loud and ear-commanding voice. Nor was it one of the least of the gratifications we experienced from the proceedings of the meeting, that it was not for the mere purpose of expressing that which any assemblage of civilised human beings might well and easily do—namely, sympathising with the victims of horrible injustice and cruelty—but that higher ground was taken, and men widely differing in opinions joined in speaking out in behalf of the great principles of civil and religious liberty, and joined in claiming for all their fellow-creatures that right so little understood amongst Oriental nations—the right of the accused to a full, fair, free, and impartial investigation of the crimes with which they may be charged.

You have heard, reader, long ere this time, of the causes which brought that meeting together. On the 1st of February of the present year, the prior of a Roman Catholic convent in Damascus, who had resided in that city about forty years, and, both as a pastor and a physician, had made himself an object of strong attachment amongst the Christian population, disappeared, together with his servant. That he was murdered, was the immediate and natural suspicion: but who was the murderer? He had been last seen, it was stated, in the Jewish quarter of the city: a Jewish barber was seized, carried before the governor, subjected to five hundred stripes with other cruelties, while all the time he was urged to tell something; and, to get some immediate cessation from his agony, he accused seven wealthy and respectable Jews, as having offered him three hundred piastres to murder the priest, in order that his blood might be used in the cakes or biscuits to be eaten on the approaching Passover holidays. Whereupon these seven men were arrested, and subjected to cruelties which one recoils from reading; while numbers of innocent Jewish children were seized and thrown into prison, and fed on a small modicum of bread and water, in the hope that maternal feeling might be driven to confess that which perhaps was not to be expected from the firmness of the men. The houses of the Jewish people were also demolished, and the hatred of a fanatical population directed towards the whole Jewish residents of Damascus.

All who have read anything of the history of torture, as

practised at no very remote period in our own country, know that the temporary insanity produced by racking pain has a tendency to make the sufferer say anything, in order to relieve himself. So one or two of the victims at Damascus yielded to their urging persecutors; and one, who had received one thousand stripes, said that the blood of the murdered man was preserved in a bottle, and hidden in a bureau in his house. He was carried on the shoulders of men (for he was utterly unable to walk) to show the place where this bottle was concealed. No bottle was found, but money was, *which the governor seized*, the poor sufferer suspecting what was really wanted, and hoping to obtain relief thereby. Two or three Jews professedly turned Mussulmans to escape from their miseries, while others died under their sufferings; while the French consul at Damascus, who *ought* to be an enlightened man, is accused of being a prime instigator of these atrocities.

But not alone at Damascus have the Jews suffered, from the revival of the strange and monstrous calumny that they used Christian blood in their Passover cakes. At Rhodes, the old seat of those famous crusading knights, better known afterwards as the knights of Malta, they were accused of stealing a Greek boy; and one unfortunate Jew was beaten with stripes, laden with chains, red-hot wires were run through his nose, burning bones applied to his head, and a heavy stone applied to his breast, to make him *confess*, as these savage torturers call falsehoods extorted by agony. In the wildness of despair, the wretched man accused several of his brethren, some of whom were at the time actually absent from Rhodes; those who were seized were also goaded by tortures, while the Jewish quarter was surrounded by guards, in order that none might go out to learn what had happened to their unfortunate friends and relations. Such have been the sufferings inflicted on the Jews, in this age of the world, arising out of the revival of a calumny absurd and atrocious, and only fit for the belief of ignorant barbarians.

Damascus, the chief scene of these horrible transactions, is perhaps the oldest existing city on the face of the earth. It is mentioned in the time of Abraham, the great originator of the Jews, and therefore claims an antiquity of between three and four thousand years. Idolatry, and Christianity, and Mohammedism have reigned within it: it has seen the rise and fall of great empires, and the great and long-continued contests of two great systems of religious belief. In the time of David or Solomon, it was the capital of an independent kingdom; it passed to the Greeks, the Romans, and the Arabians; was conquered, along with all Syria, by the Turkish sultan, Selim; and at last, in 1833, was ceded, by a treaty of peace, to the Pasha of Egypt, its present ruler. During its continuance under Turkish rule, it was one of the most fanatical cities of the East. Being the yearly rendezvous of many thousand Mohammedan pilgrims, who annually proceed on their pilgrimage to the holy city, Mecca, its fanaticism was maintained by a yearly influx of pride, ignorance, and ferocious enthusiasm, so that Christians could scarcely appear in it; and it was only within these ten years that even the British Consul could dare to appear in the streets in a Frank, or European, costume. Now, however, this haughty and intolerant spirit has been greatly controlled and subdued; and perhaps, though this ferocious outbreak

against the Jews is to be deplored, it may yet be regarded as an explosive eruption of a dying fury, and may lead to a more effectual putting down of that spirit which has prompted it.

Different estimates have been given of the population of Damascus. It has been stated at 150,000, and as high as 200,000—a mixed population of Syrian Arabs, Turks, Christians, and Jews; the numbers of the latter being estimated at from twelve to fifteen thousand. The most wealthy of these Jews (some of whom carried on an extensive trade with London) were singled out, in the late atrocious proceedings, for what purpose we may easily guess.

The accusation of using human blood for religious—or rather diabolical—purposes, has not been confined to the Jews. The haughty Romans, when Christianity first made way throughout the empire, looked upon it as but another form of Judaism; and seeing how bitterly the Jews opposed its progress, they considered the new faith but as a gloomier offset from a morose and gloomy religion. So, when the early Christians met in fear and trembling, it was currently reported that in their secret assemblies they offered up a newborn infant, tearing its tender limbs asunder, and drinking its blood—so prone is the untutored human heart to believe any calumny of those whom it hates, and of whose character it is ignorant. But if the persecution of any religious body of men arises primarily from fear, we generally find it stimulated and prolonged by avarice. The popular fury may be hounded on by a mixture of ignorance, hatred, and fear, but it is closely dogged by avarice, with its crafty, greedy eye, and clutching fingers. Thus, the early Christians not only suffered bonds, imprisonment, and death, but invariably, also, the “spoiling of their goods,” somebody being enriched by the ruin of others. This has always been peculiarly the fate of the Jews. Greed whispered some diabolical idea to Superstition; Superstition rushed forward to mangle and to murder; and then Greed followed in the rear, and picked up the spoil. “About this time,” says Froissart, under date of 1349, “the Jews throughout the world were arrested and burnt, and their fortunes seized by those lords under whose jurisdictions they had lived, except at Avignon, and the territories of the church dependent on the pope. Each poor Jew, when he was able to hide himself, and arrive in that country, esteemed himself safe. It was prophesied that for one hundred years people were to come with iron scourges to destroy them.” Doubtless, at the present day, but for the press, and that enlightened public opinion which prevails throughout this great country, we might have seen the moral plague of persecution extending from the east to the west; and some modern Froissart recording, under date of 1840, that “about this time the Jews throughout the world were arrested and burned, and their fortunes seized.”

Throughout the middle ages, the Jews were perpetually accused of murdering Christians, drinking their blood, crucifying Christian children; doing despite to consecrated wafers, by piercing them, &c.; and even in the time of Oliver Cromwell, when they applied for leave to settle legally in England, the accusation of using the blood of Christian children at the Passover was brought against them, and the famous rabbi, Manasseh Ben Israel, to whose efforts the Jews owe their readmission into Britain, took an oath of expurgation; the

language of which has been recently publicly adopted by Solomon Hirschel, chief rabbi, and David Meldola, presiding rabbi of the Bevis Marks congregation, in the City of London.

Among the causes “of the continued hatred of the Jewish people was the unhappy position which they held in society, through what are called the middle ages; ages which had lost the simplicity of primitive Christianity, and could make no progress in the enlightened Christianity of later times—dark ages and merciless men, who converted even Christianity into barbarism. Everywhere the Jews, deprived of citizenship, admitted on no terms of toleration, but skulking in great towns by connivance, or protected by some artful baron as ‘his Jews,’ this deserted race could only look for their resources in the most humiliating industry. When a whole people devote themselves to one great pursuit, one single art, they open sources of invention—they reach to a noble perfection. Unhappily for the present professors, that great pursuit, that single art, was the commerce of money: and to render fortunes invisible, their genius produced the wonderful invention of bills of exchange; an object, like the art of printing, become too familiar to be admired; the miracle has ceased, and its utility only remains—yet both are sources of civilisation, and connect together, as in one commonwealth, the whole universe. Their successful pursuits worked their own fatality. The Hebrews became the reservoirs of the wealth of the strange lands where they were found. For the steel-clad baron, they were sponges to suck in as much water as they could hold, that his protecting hand, as he listed, might squeeze them to their last drops; for the luxurious abbots and rosy canons, who heaped up their improvident bonds on the Hebrew affecting the poverty he was to relieve, the Jews became the creditors of a whole province. Dark rumours spread that they crucified a child when they roasted the paschal lamb; poisoned wells, as they could live without water; that their physicians—for the great medical characters in Europe were Hebrews—got rid of their Christian patients, by which they ruined their practice. They were made responsible for a long drought in a dry season, or a pestilence. All these rumours usually preceded an expulsion or a massacre; and all the Jewish bonds were burnt! The Jews have always been most degraded and persecuted in ‘FREE commercial cities,’ such as those of Hamburg and Frankfort. It was their calamity to excel in the arts their neighbours practised. A society which becomes too powerful by their wealth has ever been marked out for the spoil of the government or the people; there are so many passions in human nature which are allied against a flourishing body. First hated, and then calumniated, they became the victims of state; and Justice veils her eyes during the popular suppression or destruction. Such was the fate of the order of the Templars, of the English monastic institutions, of the Jesuits throughout Europe!

“The horrid crimes of which the Hebrews have been accused could never bear an historical scrutiny. But thus have sects and parties calumniated each other. The Christians under the Romans were rendered odious by similar fictions. The earliest Reformers were thus blackened by the Papalists. The Romanists in our country were harassed by the same grievous arts. This historical problem is of no difficult solution. Whenever a heavy price is proclaimed to discover

offenders, however innocent, offenders will be found; and for the informers there can be no higher price than a share in the confiscation*."

From all this let us draw a lesson. The Jews have originated their own calamities. Their native land was finally conquered by the Romans; their temple was destroyed; they were scattered over the world; and their religion seemed likely to be supplanted by the progress of the Christian faith. A dark hatred lodged in their hearts, and grew up in their very blood; and their furious insurrections, and desperate and despairing revolts, accompanied often by ferocious cruelty, created the impression that they were the untameable hyænas of the human race. Christian and Jew looked at each other through scowling spectacles, which distorted every feature, and gave an aspect of malignity to both. The history of the Christian era is, alas! a sad history; and the literature, both of Jews and Christians, is filled with mutual falsehoods, mutual perversions, mutual hatred, and mutual curses; and the children of "Our Father who art in Heaven," have, in the name of the God, whose name be blessed for ever, imbrued their hands in one another's blood! Oh, is the time not yet come, when the religion of the New Testament will start from under the mass of obloquy which covers it, and appear in the eyes of the Jew not as a religion of monopoly, not as a religion of exclusion, not as a religion of assumption, but, as it is in deed and in truth, a religion which accords privileges free as the air, and universal as the earth! Intolerance, under any shape or form, belongs not to Christianity, but to its corruptions; freedom to worship God under whatever form the mind approves, is the inalienable birthright of the human mind. But, alas! that birthright has been too often sold for a mess of pottage; otherwise we should not still be doomed to hear of scenes which make even a believer in the progressive advancement of man say with Shakspeare:—

"Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men."

A FEW WORDS ABOUT GEOLOGY.

NO. I.

SUPPOSE that our reader—whom we must further suppose to be wholly ignorant of the details of a printing-office—has placed before him a mass of what the printers call *pie*—that is, a quantity of types of all sorts and sizes jumbled together—he would see only a heap of bits of metal, and would know nothing or little about their names or natures. But let him call over to him one of the boys of the printing-office, and presently the urchin will pick up one type, and tell you it is *Pica*, and another *Long Primer*, and another that it is *Nonpareil*, and so on, with a celerity that appears puzzling to the unpractised eye of the stranger. Nay, he will pick out one kind of *Pica* from another, and one kind of *Brevier* from another, though the types appear to be of the same form and size. Then let the stranger call over some experienced type-founder, and the probability is, that he will, after inspection, be able to tell if this type of *Long Primer* belongs to a fount cast in London, or if that type of *Minion* belongs to a fount cast in Edinburgh. The evidence on which he does this is not apparent to the stranger, but it belongs to that habit of observation and comparison by which a cutler can tell whether a knife was made in

Sheffield, or manufactured somewhere else; or by which an Arab can tell whether the impress of a foot in the sand of the desert was left by a man or a woman, or whether the pedestrian was walking vigorously, or heavily toiling along.

In a larger sense, this is the way in which the geologists proceed. Until the present century, the marks or characters presented by the crust of the earth were wrongly interpreted, or, at least, not understood: but no sooner was a key found to unlock the mystery, than the whole confusion began to disappear, and geology ascended to the rank of a science. That key was the fact, now firmly established, that the earth contains evidence of long-continued duration and of many and mighty changes—a duration vastly exceeding the history of man, and changes which preclude the idea of man being an inhabitant of the earth at the period when they happened. This is the foundation of geology; and if it were not established on evidence as satisfactory as that by which we ascertain the diurnal and annual revolutions of the earth, the young science of geology would be nearly as baseless as the oriental idea of astronomy, by which the earth was placed on the back of an elephant, and the elephant stood on the back of a tortoise, and the tortoise rested on—nothing.

But how do the geologists get at the fact of this long-continued duration of the earth, and of all these mighty changes, unwitnessed by the eye of man? By long-continued and laborious inspection of the earth, in various places—on mountains, rocks, and fields, in caves, mines, and wells, and on the sea-shore—they have ascertained that the crust of the earth is composed of layers or beds, called strata, from *stratum*, a bed or layer; that these beds of various substances rest on hard, solid rocks, which are called unstratified, as not being in beds or layers; and that the various strata, whether composed of slate or limestone, coal or clay, sand or chalk, present incontestable evidence of having been laid down, not at the same time, but at periods and under conditions widely differing from each other. The geologists then call in the aid of chemistry and anatomy. By chemistry they ascertain the elementary characters of the various strata; endeavour to learn whether they were formed under the action of fire or water, or both combined; such as, whether a rock was probably composed by the cooling of a melted mass, such as the lava poured out by a volcano; or whether a particular bed or stratum may not have been formed more by mechanical than chemical means—such as violent winds and rains grinding and washing down the materials of rocks, drifting them into extensive seas, where they settled to the bottom. By anatomy they are enabled to ascertain the characters and habits of animals to whom the fossil bones belonged which are found in strata—and this is one of the greatest boons which one science has ever conferred on another: for, without the evidence, clear and satisfactory, which these fossil bones afford of successive periods in the history of the earth, geology would yet have been a dim and uncertain speculation, instead of being, as it is now, a great and growing science. "It is not easy," says Professor Buckland, "to find a more eloquent and striking acknowledgment of the regularity and constancy of the systematic contrivances that pervade the animal remains of the fossil world, than is contained in Cuvier's Introduction to his Account of the Bones discovered in the Gypsum Quarries of the Neighbourhood of Paris. It affords, to persons unacquainted with the modern method of conducting physical researches, an example of the kind of evidence on which we found our conclusions as to the form, character, and habits of extinct creatures, that are known only through the medium of their fossil remains. After stating by what slow degrees the cabinets of Paris had been filled with innumerable fragments of bones of unknown animals, from the gypsum quarries

* The Genius of Judaism. By I. D'Israeli, Esq.

of Montmartre, Cuvier thus records the manner in which he applied himself to the task of reconstructing their skeletons. Having gradually ascertained that there were numerous species belonging to many genera, 'I at length found myself,' says he, 'as if placed in a charnel-house, surrounded by mutilated fragments of many hundred skeletons of more than twenty kinds of animals, piled confusedly around me: the task assigned me was to restore them all to their original position. At the voice of comparative anatomy, every bone, and fragment of a bone, resumed its place. I cannot find words to express the pleasure I experienced in seeing, as I discovered one character, how all the consequences which I predicted from it were successively confirmed; the feet were found in accordance with the characters announced by the teeth; the teeth in harmony with those indicated beforehand by the feet; the bones of the legs and thighs, and every connecting portion of the extremities, were found set together precisely as I had arranged them, before my conjectures were verified by the discovery of the parts entire: in short, each species was, as it were, reconstructed from a single one of its component elements.' "

Although the stratified formations of the crust of the earth lie, as their name implies, in beds, or "piled on one another almost like courses of masonry," the reader does not understand that they lie in equal and undisturbed succession all over the globe. If that had been the case, there would have been scarcely any geology, and probably no geologists. The earth would have been closed against the descent of man, and nearly all its mineral treasures would have been locked up from him. "The same constituent materials of the earth are not uniformly continuous in all directions over large superficial areas. In one district we trace the course of crystalline and granitic rocks; in another we find mountains of slate; in a third, alternating strata of sandstone, shale, and limestone; in a fourth, beds of conglomerate rock; in a fifth, strata of marl and clay; in a sixth, gravel, loose sand, and silt. The subordinate mineral contents of these various formations are also different. In the more ancient are veins of gold and silver, tin, copper, lead, and zinc; in another series we find beds of coal; in others salt and gypsum; many are composed of freestone, fit for the purposes of architecture—or of limestone, useful both for building and cement; others of clay, convertible by fire into materials for building and pottery: in almost all we find that most important of mineral productions, iron." The causes which have been in operation in composing the crust of the earth have also, in a great measure, caused its disturbance, not only diversifying its external aspect, by elevations and depressions, but opening a way into the interior by fractures and dislocations, or by bringing up mineral strata near to the surface.

It is not possible for geology to give a complete view of the history of the earth without possessing a larger mass of materials. Modern science, too, repudiates a theory which is not based entirely upon facts. Still so much has been discovered, that it is not wonderful that even cautious philosophers should set about constructing a complete system, which compels them to adopt many conjectural matters. The following is a combination of possibilities, probabilities, and facts—the facts serving as a base for the conjectural reasonings.

Chemistry informs us that all the materials of the crust of the globe—rocks, metals, earths, &c. &c., may, under the application of intense heat, be converted not merely into a fluid, but even a gaseous form. The researches of geologists render it highly probable that the earliest or primitive rocks—those which appear to exhibit the earliest solid forms on the globe—were formed by consolidation from a fluid state. It is therefore inferred that the primitive condition of the materials of the globe was that of a

gaseous or fluid state, maintained in that condition by a heat of which we can have scarcely an idea, and presenting something analogous to comets, through whose rarefied bodies stars have been seen, or to those stellar bodies called Nebulae, which appear to be masses of matter in a gaseous or attenuated form, slowly condensing. The figure of the earth is such as would result from the revolution on its axis of a fluid mass.

If we assume that this fluid mass gradually parted with heat from its surface, we can conceive the formation of primitive or original rocks by consolidation, just as we may understand how any heated fluid substance—lava from a volcano, the sand of which glass is made, or melted metals—becomes solid by cooling. The oldest rocks are wholly destitute of organic remains of any kind; and therefore this, along with other circumstances, all favour the conclusion that life could not have existed on the earth during their formation. Of course, Almighty God can create intelligent creatures whose natural element may be fire, or He can create intelligent beings who might be intensely happy in a frost that burns like fire: but we have no business with that; our only business is with life as we know it; and as far as research and reasoning can go, the earliest conditions of the earth appear to have been incompatible with the existence of life.

After the earliest rocks there are others, which appear to have been produced by the combined action of fire and water. At first no water can be supposed to exist on the globe; for the intense heat would drive off its constituents into the gaseous state. It might afterwards exist in the state of steam in the atmosphere; and as it gradually dropped on the hot surface, the earliest seas would be too warm for the support of life. Probably there would be tremendous explosions and disruptions, fire and water acting as antagonist forces. "In these," says Professor Phillips, "the most ancient rocks which exhibit to us the combined effects of aqueous and igneous agency, no traces of animal or vegetable life occur, and the conclusion we adopt on the subject is, that few or none of the organised wonders of nature were then in existence, because the physical conditions of the globe within which the existence of animals and plants is limited were not then established." "The general results," he adds, "to which the study of the earliest systems of strata lead are these:—They are the oldest aqueous deposits visible on the crust of the globe, and rest on masses which have received their present aspect from the action of heat. They furnish no proof of the contemporaneous or previous existence of dry land. They are equally destitute of evidence of the contemporaneous or previous existence of plants or animals in the sea. These ancient rocks are peculiar in their aspect, and are of such great extent as to approach nearer to universal formations than any of later date."

Experiments seem to warrant the conclusion that the temperature of the earth rises as we descend, and that the interior of the globe is still in a fluid state, the result of heat, but which is masked or stifled by the crust of various materials around it. If the earth were a solid globe, it would occupy less bulk than it does; which is another reason for supposing that the interior is expanded by heat. This fluid mass may be reached at perhaps about one hundred miles below the surface; and volcanoes are perhaps its chimneys.

In our next paper we shall commence with the strata which exhibit the earliest traces of organic life, and conclude this paper with the following summary from Professor Buckland:—"It appears that five principal causes have been instrumental in producing the actual condition of the surface of our globe. 1. The passage of the unstratified crystalline rocks from a fluid to a solid state. 2. The deposition of stratified rocks at the bottom of the

ancient seas. 3. The elevation both of stratified and unstratified rocks from beneath the sea, at successive intervals, to form continents and islands. 4. Violent inundations, and the decomposing power of atmospheric agents producing partial destruction of these lands, and forming from their detritus extensive beds of gravel, sand, and clay. 5. Volcanic eruptions."

HAT-HUNTS.

HAT-HUNTING, or chasing, (in windy weather, of course,) has never, we think, obtained that consideration, nor been looked on in that philosophical spirit, to which its merits as a minor recreation, so far as regards the on-looker, entitles it. For ourselves, there are not many things we like better to see than a good, well-contested, well-prolonged hat-hunt or chase. To have the sport in perfection, the wind must, of course, be high, very high, and all the better if the huntsman be a rather fat and rather elderly gentleman, with a bald head; possessing, however, sufficient activity of limb to induce him to start in pursuit—for if he does not, of course, there can be little or no fun. The circumstances of the hat being new, and the street very dirty—say, three to four inches deep of mud,—are further improvements. Indeed, they are all but indispensable to what we would call a complete and highly-finished exhibition of the hat-hunt. Perfection in this exhibition is attained when the recreant *tile* is full of papers, and when these—as indeed they are sure to do—fly out in half-dozens with every revolution; some springing up into the air, others flying off horizontally in fifty different directions at once, and thus distracting the attention of the huntsman.

So far as mere movement is concerned, it does not, perhaps, make much difference whether the hat be new or old, the street dirty or clean; but that the hat should be new, and the street should be dirty, is desirable, on the amiable principle of the more mischief the better sport.

The reason why we, who affect to be something of connoisseurs in the recreation of hat-hunting, prefer stout elderly gentlemen as exhibitors, is this:—the most critical and most interesting point in the hat-chase is when the huntsman, after a long run, watching his opportunity, pounces on the hat. Now, if he be a young, supple fellow, he performs the operation with an ease and celerity that at once accomplish the object—he seizes the hat, and the sport is at an end. Whereas, if he be elderly, and consequently a little stiff about the joints, he stoops with such difficulty, that the hat—if it be anything of a spirited hat at all—can easily, and almost always does, start off on a new and livelier career than before, just at the moment the old gentleman is about to clutch it. The sport is thus prolonged *ad infinitum*. The bald head, too,—but this, we confess, is a little hard-hearted,—looks well in the case of a vigorous and earnest huntsman, in the act of pursuing his game along the centre of a crowded street; it heightens the general effect of the exhibition greatly.

But it is not to the huntsman alone that the whole interest of the exhibition is confined; the hat comes in for a large share of it. Hats, in truth, in such circumstances, become really a curious subject of study—they become, as it were, instinct with life, and assume the features and characteristics of vitality.

So viewed, it will be found that the prevailing disposition of a recreant scraper that has escaped from its owner's head, is that of sly, mischievous cunning. When it goes off first, it goes off with a sudden but hearty and honest whirl; but watch its subsequent progress, and you will soon perceive the spirit that is within it.

Having made a rush of a hundred yards or so in a straight line, and with great regularity of movement, it suddenly bolts up

against a wall, and there reposes, apparently, as quiet and harmless as when on the head of its owner. But let any one approach it, especially the latter, and off it goes again with greater speed than before, just at the moment it is about to be caught—a moment for which it has quite evidently been watching. Sometimes, too, it squats down with the same treacherous appearance of a willingness to allow itself to be taken, right in the mud over which it has been a moment before rolling with mischievous delight; stopping suddenly in mid career, for the express purpose—as no reasonable person can doubt—of deceiving its pursuers into a belief that it has repented its conduct, and is willing to atone for it by submitting to capture.

Another very common trick of the fugitive scraper is to affect to be rolling leisurely along, and thus to tempt you into the belief of its being an easy capture. Deceived by this appearance, you pursue with a corresponding moderation of pace. The cunning scraper gradually, and almost imperceptibly, increases its speed; you perceive it, and increase yours. It gets on faster and faster; you do the same, until both have attained their maximum of velocity—the scraper, however, invariably keeping the lead.

As a proof of the mischievous disposition of hats who have thrown off all allegiance in this lawless way, it may be observed, that if there be a cart or carriage in the way, you may depend on it that it will, even at the extra trouble of going considerably out of its line of flight, clap itself either right before one of the wheels, or get in amongst the horse's feet, to be crushed or trampled into irremediable shapelessness. If, too, there be one spot in the street more dirty or more wet than another, as sure as fate will it take it, and go right through it. A favourite feat of the fugitive scraper is to roll through one or more of those accumulations, or little seas of mud, that the scavenger's industry has collected on either side of the street. We have seen a hat take the run of these with astonishing precision and singular judgment.

Yet, however common hat-hunts or chases may be in windy weather, a first-rate one—one calculated in every way to give entire satisfaction to the beholder—is more rare than might be supposed by those who have paid no great attention to the subject.

One of the best hat-hunts we recollect ever to have seen occurred last winter on the Mound at Edinburgh; an excellent place, by-the-way, for seeing sport of this kind; for the wind rushing through the gullet on its western side, and straitened in its course by the castle-rock, sweeps it with the violence of a tornado. Circumstances were eminently favourable; the wind was high, the gentleman fat, and the hat an uncommonly spirited one.

On first starting from his head, it careered directly against the wall on the east side, which it struck with a crack and a rebound that left no doubt on the minds of the beholders of its crown being shattered. For a moment the hat seemed stunned by the blow, and lay quietly on the footpath. Deceived by its quiescence, its owner approached it with a smile, and was about to grasp it, when (as hats always do in such circumstances) off it started, and away down the Mound, in a style that called forth the rapturous admiration of the bystanders, who expressed their feelings by sundry shouts of exultation. Away after it went the "stout gentleman," both gentleman and hat soon giving evidence of excellent bottom. On starting on its new career, the hat made directly for some iron railings, and every one thought that there the chase must end; but on approaching within a few yards, it suddenly took a westerly direction, skimming along parallel to the rails until it had cleared the obstruction, when off at a tangent it went down the opening on the west side; the gentleman still pursuing, but becoming evidently much blown. Having reached Princes-street, the hat took along that street in a lateral direction, and ended by crossing the

flagstones, and coming slap against the window of an area or sunk shop, shivering a four-and-sixpenny pane to atoms. Here it lay down quite exhausted; it could do no more, but it had done well: and here it was picked up by its breathless owner, in what condition we leave the reader to judge—the day being a very wet one, and the streets consequently very dirty.

It was altogether one of the finest things of the kind we ever saw; the general effect of the scene being greatly improved by the attendance on the bald-headed gentleman, the pursuer, of a highly excited and greatly delighted mob, who cheered him and the hat alternately with great vigour and cordiality. The finale, too, let us remark, was something quite new: the smashing of the glass was like the finish of some splendid affair.

N. B. Reader, never stop a hat in such circumstances—the hat, of course, not being yours. Never be aiding or abetting in any such mar-sport proceeding; let it take its swing. We always do, and so will every true lover of the sport.

TALES OF THE AFFECTIONS.

FAITHLESSNESS IN LOVE;

OR, A COMMON STORY OF A TOO COMMON OCCURRENCE.

KIND reader—in a few brief words let me place before you at once the couple about whom we propose to speak.

Fancy a tall, handsome young fellow, muscular without being athletic, whose whole appearance was a combination of manly grace and vigour; and fancy a young lady, not so tall as he, but yet nearly matching him in height, whose air and sweet, bashful face, created the idea of a truly *gentle* lady;—fancy these two, and you have before you a couple now in our “mind’s eye,” whom we have often admired, as they walked the streets of the little town where we and they then resided, and who were, in fact, the Paul and Virginia of the place.

They had grown up together from infancy; had exchanged infantile vows; every little pleasure was pleasureless, unless mutually shared; and thus year after year moved on, till both approached the verge of manhood and womanhood. Then it was settled that the youth should proceed to London, to complete his knowledge of a particular profession: and here the youthful lovers had their first trial. On the evening before their separation, they adjourned to a favourite spot, and here, kneeling down, they, after solemnly devoting themselves to each other, prayed that God would bless their future intended union, and enable them to live for each other. From that moment the lady considered herself as betrothed, and no earthly consideration could possibly induce her conscientious mind to swerve for a moment from that affectionate attachment and duty which she considered she had devoted to him, the young husband of her heart.

Nor did he think otherwise. His letters from London to his uncle and aunt (for his parents were dead) were short; but, oh, what long, long letters he wrote to Eliza! The huge capital presented to his eager mind materials for volumes; and all he saw, all he felt, and even all he fancied, about the wonderful place, were duly recorded, until the paper could hold no more. But what though the letters were crossed and recrossed, until positively painful to decipher? What though black and red ink stared at each other in these voluminous epistles? Every letter from “William” was a treasure, to be read until all its contents were distinctly imprinted on the memory, and she could even recite them “without book.” Fond, affectionate girl! that youth was the one idea of her life; she anxiously watched over her

parents’ comforts; anticipated their wants, and sweetened their pleasures: but the image of William was ever before her, and throughout all her domestic occupations the mind was ever taken up by the thought of what he might be doing, while in imagination she visited the streets of that London which she had never yet seen, and longed to be his guardian angel, that she might hover over him and preserve him from all harm. And at night, before she sank to rest, she prayed for her parents, for all the world, for herself, and—with an earnest devotion—for William!

More than two years elapsed before they saw each other again. Communication was not then so rapid, and the distance was great: but each had a huge portfolio of letters. His were always the longest, for he had plenty of matters to write about; while she had only the common occurrences of the little town to record, with here and there a hope that “dearest William” never missed going to church, and that he was preserved from the snares of London. But at last a letter announced that he had received a month’s holiday, and was coming down to see them all; and another letter announced that he would start in a day or two. Eliza, who had been in a delicate state of health, and had been very dull for some time, now sprang up, as if from a lethargy. Delight beamed from her eyes—ay, even her taper fingers seemed to feel the exhilaration. William was coming! what could be more delightful? The house was turned upside down, that it might show a new face to William. “La, Miss,” said the housemaid, “you were never so particular before;—sure, something extraordinary is going to happen!”

Another letter announced that William would arrive next day; and shortly after receiving it, Eliza put on her bonnet, and walked out towards the road, marking the spot where the coach might first be seen. But next day came at last—and at last came the afternoon. William’s uncle and aunt, and Eliza’s father and mother, walked out with her to meet the coach. So Eliza brought them to the very spot where the coach could first be seen, coming over some rising ground; and here, after waiting some time, she tremulously asked if it was possible that William might *not* come? “Quite possible,” coolly replied her father, unaware of the pain he inflicted; “quite possible, my dear—for he may have missed the coach, or been unable to obtain a seat.” At that moment the coach appeared, and the beating of Eliza’s heart might almost have been heard. It drew nearer, and her eyes became dim, so that she could hardly see the approaching vehicle. “There he is! there he is!” recalled her; she saw him standing up on the roof, waving his hat—in another moment the coach drew up—in another he was on the ground—in another he was in her arms. Happy girl!—there is, perhaps, no happier moment in courtship, than when two attached lovers, in all the buoyancy of youth, meet after an absence.

It was now the turn of the old people to look at him, and many were the comments upon the alterations which two years had made. He had become stouter, manlier, and, as Eliza’s mother whispered into her delighted ear, had even more of the air of a gentleman than ever. They now all moved onwards towards home; and as Eliza took his arm, and they walked in advance of the old folks, she was really the prettiest, the kindest-hearted, the humblest, and yet the proudest girl of the parish!

What a delicious month that was! It passed like a dream. On the first Sunday at church, the whole congregation were staring towards their pew; and when they came out, there was as great an assemblage of spectators as if some neighbouring young squire had been married, and was making his first appearance. Some of the

young girls, moved by envy, did make sneering comments; but the opinion of the majority, young and old, was, that a likelier couple never graced church or street. Numerous were the rumours; it was currently reported that William had come down from London to make arrangements for the wedding; while others thought it was a pity that they should be married so young. As for Eliza, she could only think of William. Whatever rusticity he might have had was polished off by his London residence, without destroying the natural ingenuousness of his character. She followed him with her eyes as he came in or went out, every movement seeming to develop some new manly grace; while he, whose affection had been a little dimmed, if not a little dissipated, by his London absence, felt all his youthful fondness revive for the affectionate—the loving and lovable—girl.

Before he departed, they renewed their vows of fidelity. There was less of youthful enthusiasm and more of sober attachment in this than there had been before; both felt that it was a serious matter, and the renewal had more of a deliberate business than the first expression of it. He addressed her as his "little wife;" and though her tongue refused to pronounce the word "husband," the blush which overspread her face showed that it had an echo in her heart.

Three years more passed on, and at the end of that period William returned to his native place. Once more was Eliza happy: but her happiness was more subdued and more tranquil, because more apparently of a fixed character. After a little interval, it was settled that William should commence business in a town some sixteen miles distant; and the understanding between him and Eliza was, that they should be married at the end of two years, when he expected to be so fairly established as to make the step prudent. For a long time he visited them regularly every Saturday afternoon, returning on the Monday morning; and though afterwards the visits became fortnightly, and occasionally monthly, it was set down to the demands of an increasing business; and Eliza was glad, for she knew it must hasten the time when she would have the satisfaction of sharing his anxieties.

During this period, a young man, very well connected, and possessing pecuniary prospects far beyond those which lay before William, paid his addresses to Eliza. He was, of course, very explicitly told that it was not her pleasure to receive them; but he applied to the parents to intercede for him. His proposals were so exceedingly fair and tempting, that the old folks held a solemn consultation on the subject; and they came to the conclusion that, under the circumstances, Eliza had a right to call upon William for a formal statement of his intentions. But when the mother mentioned this to Eliza, she indignantly spurned it; her faith was too pure, too trustful, to think of insulting the husband of her heart; and when her parents found that she was proof against all urgings of prudential consideration, their good sense and good feeling taught them to let the matter drop, though the mother sighed when she thought of the good chance which Eliza had thrown away.

As for William, a baser passion was creeping over his heart. Business began to teach him the value of capital, and the value of a good family connexion; and again and again the question started up—"Why should I marry for love?" It was chased away whenever he met Eliza; and as if to hide his own treachery from himself, he was, on these occasions, louder and more vehement in his professions of attachment. But the ingenuousness of youth was rapidly departing; he was becoming a worldly-minded and selfish young man; and, moreover, he had learned that his

figure and personal appearance were much admired, and he became as vain as a peacock. In fact, anybody would have pronounced him an enormous fop, with his polished boots, his glittering finger-ring, his silver watch-guard, his handsome tasseled cane—ay, and his elegant snuff-box. What a strut he had on the street! every footfall seemed to squeak out—"Look at me! look at me!"

The two years had now passed, and no offer of marriage came from William, while his visits became unfrequent. Eliza feared nothing—suspected nothing, but lived in perfect hope and faith that William would be her own wedded husband when the proper time was come. Another offer was made to Eliza, which she rejected as before: but though it was not so good an offer as the previous one, it was still tempting enough to rouse up the parents. The mother had begun to suspect what Eliza had not, that William was cooling in his attachment; and she determined not to let this occasion pass without an explanation. Eliza refused her consent, once more, to anything which implied a doubt: but the father, urged by the mother, wrote to William, and by return of post there came two letters, one to Eliza, so full of the old affection, that the girl could scarcely read it through her tears. Though she did not upbraid her parents, they felt that they had touched her delicate feeling to the quick; and resting satisfied with these proofs of William's unalterable attachment, they resolved to wait patiently till this long-continued courtship would come to a close. Next Saturday William arrived; he was more affectionate in his manner, and more earnest in his talk, than he had been for a long time before; and happy, delighted Eliza freely forgave the ill-judged interference of her parents, seeing it had brought out so strongly the old love of him who had ever reigned in her earthly affections.

The truth was, the letter of Eliza's father had caught William in a moment of repentance. He had been busily hunting after the daughter of a wealthy family in the town where he resided; and had received so much encouragement, that not only had he prepared a long letter to Eliza, duly assigning full and formal reasons why they should part, but he was already clutching the cash, and riding in his carriage. The letter was all ready for sending, when, by some inadvertence, he gave offence to the proud father of the proud girl he was hunting; the cause was taken up by the proud brother, and sanctioned by the girl herself, and William was forbidden the house, and all his visions vanished. This he had the meanness to consider as a judgment on himself for forsaking Eliza; he tore the letter to pieces; and just at that moment the letter from Eliza's father was put into his hands. By a revulsion of feeling, he renewed all his professions of attachment, and possibly, for a brief period, was perfectly sincere in them.

Some time after the visit which had made Eliza so happy, she received a long letter from William, in which he talked about his business not succeeding as he wished, and his fear of ever having enough to make a suitable provision for her. Her unsuspecting nature prevented her from seeing the drift of this; and she wrote a kind and affectionate reply, bidding him not be too anxious about this world, and also not to tease himself about her, as she was quite resigned to the will of Providence, as to whatever might befall. How confounded was she, to receive another letter, asking if he was to understand, as her letter seemed to intimate, that they were quite at liberty to dissolve their engagement! Again and again she read it, in order to extract its meaning, or to learn what could have caused it. At last a glimmering of the truth broke in upon her mind. Gentle as she was, she did not lack spirit, and so she replied, that if there existed the slightest desire to dissolve their engagement, she trusted that William understood

her character too well to suppose that she would interpose any barrier between himself and happiness. After this letter was sent, Eliza repented that she had written it, not from any selfish fear of losing William, but simply from the fear that she had misinterpreted his meaning, and had permitted herself to harbour unworthy suspicions of his honour and his faith.

One week passed away, and then another, and still no letter from William. All her little anger had evaporated, and nothing but sorrow remained, that she should have so harshly judged of the beloved of her heart. She was sure that something which she had inadvertently written had caused him to put the question he had done; and she was still more sure that the reply she had sent had been penned in an improper spirit, and quite at variance with the solemn vow she had taken. And yet, could William—her own William—think so little of that affection, which she knew was so deep in her heart, as to cast it all away, because of a hasty letter—the only hasty letter she had ever written in her life!

A few days afterwards, her father laid a newspaper on the table before her, and in silence pointed with his finger to a particular part. She glanced somewhat carelessly at it, but a word caught her eye; she looked again; the blood came to her face and fled from it, and as she gradually became convinced that she saw before her the fact that William was married, she fell senseless on the floor.

When she recovered from her swoon, her moral courage enabled her to rally wonderfully well; and she was able to listen with equanimity to the talk of a friend who had learned all about William's marriage. She heard with patience how he had contrived to marry into the proudest and wealthiest family of the town, in spite of many repulses and many mortifications. She felt an emotion of gladness when she heard of the wealth he would receive, and how the connexion would raise him in life; and when the speaker added, that from the temper of his wife and her family William was likely to be amply punished for deserting her, Eliza arose from her seat, walked into her own neat little room, and, in the fulness of her heart and soul, poured out her desire that God would bless him in his basket and his store, bless him in all the relations of life. make him happy here and happy hereafter.

Many years afterwards, Eliza, a quiet, subdued, and even cheerful creature, now fast verging towards the state of old maidenhood, went out to take a solitary walk. Solitary indeed it was—for she had buried her father, and still more lately her mother, and though from a feeling of duty she was striving to drive away melancholy, she could not help feeling her loneliness. At that moment a carriage drove past; it contained William, his wife, and a number of merry children. His eye fell on her, but it was a cold, unrecognising look. As the carriage rolled onwards, nature spoke within her soul; she thought of how she might have been the happy mother of happy children round a happy fireside; and as she turned to go homewards, she felt that she was stricken to the heart. And so she lay down on her bed, and pined away till she died; not without breathing out all her yearning soul for the prosperity of William.

THE HAIR.

GREY hairs, the proverbial attendant upon age, exemplify the operation of the principle of defective nourishment and suppressed secretion. Early and vigorous in their growth, the hairs of the head are generally the first to show symptoms of decay. Great differences may, however, be observed in different individuals as to the period when the hair exhibits change of colour or falls off: in

some it grows grey at thirty years of age, or even earlier; with others, this change does not take place till the less equivocal indications are manifested. Many causes which affect but little the constitution accelerate the death of the hair—more especially the depressing passions, corroding anxieties, and intense thought. Fevers are often destructive to the vitality of the hair, when they do not permanently affect any other part of the body. There is, however, an essential difference in the effects of disease and of old age upon the hair, inasmuch as the former rarely destroys the bulbous capsule from which the hair is formed; and accordingly a new crop of hairs is often found to spring up after a certain time, when the system recovers its vigour. But the death of hair from age is hopeless and irretrievable; for it implies the destruction of every part of the root as well as the shaft, and the consequent separation of the hair is attended with the obliteration of the canal which it occupied, and which penetrated the true skin. The loss of colour in the hair begins in the shaft, which first becomes grey, then white, and lastly transparent, giving to it that silvery appearance which is esteemed so venerable a mark of age. Baldness generally commences over the upper part of the temporal and occipital bones, particularly in the male sex, and then spreads over the whole upper surface of the head. The hair on other parts of the body suffers corresponding changes with those of the head, and also falls off partially by age.—*Dr. Roget.*

SALTNESS AND DEPTH OF THE SEA.

THE analysis of river water gives carbonate of lime, muriate of soda, and sometimes a little alkali. In well water we always find these, together with a little sulphate of lime. Rain water and snow water contain a trace of muriate of soda, and muriate of lime.

But the gravity or weight and saltness of sea water differ much, and gradually diminish from the equator to the poles. In the neighbourhood of Great Britain one-thirty-eighth of the whole weight is salt.

And why?—Why this wonderful difference between sea water and all other water? Why are the waters of the ocean hateful alike to man and beast, covering, as they do, so large a portion of the earth, and furnishing, as they do, by a process of evaporation sometimes, and sometimes of filtration, all the fountains, rivers, and springs, which keep both man and beast from perishing of thirst? The saltness we find in sea water does not preserve it from corruption. What is more offensive than the bilge water we find in a ship's hold—what more alarming than the equatorial seas after a long calm, when, as Coleridge says, "the very deep doth rot!" And we know that many substances putrify the sooner for being plunged into sea water. Does the sea hold primitive banks of salt at the bottom? Is the saltness owing to the corruption of vegetable and animal matters, washed into it by the rivers and drains of cities and empires? Or is that saltness we find so hateful, but the residuum of an original primitive fluid, which once held in solution all the substances of earth? In the present condition of science, who shall say?

The depth of the sea is unknown. It has been sounded by Captain Scoresby, seven thousand two hundred feet; and though it is no longer regarded as bottomless, enough is now known to render it probable that its depth corresponds pretty generally with the elevation of the neighbouring lands, islands, continents, or mountains; a bold shore being seldom or never met with where the land lies low, except along the edges of coral reefs, which appear to spring up like a wall from the very bottom of the great deep—a wall of intertwined ivory, spun to the music of the sea, and embellished, warp and woof, by the workers of the sea: nor do we meet with shoals and shallows where the land is high and steep. In fact, as we have already seen, there appears to be a general correspondence between the height of the land and the depth of the sea; and by the calculations of the celebrated Laplace, it would seem that the average depth of the ocean is very near the average height of the land—that is to say, not far from three thousand feet all over the globe.

A WORKING MAN'S ADDRESS TO THE WIFE OF HIS YOUTH.

[The following is the composition of one who earns his daily bread by daily toil.]

BRIGHT o'er my memory gleams the light of youth,
Sunning the onward track of this dull life;
And dreams of thee, in childhood's robes of truth,
Increase each joy in thee, my cherish'd wife.
I do remember ev'n the childish strife
With which thou tantalised my searching eye:
How thou didst hide my marbles, steal my knife,
Or seize the whistle from my lips, to try
If thy young voice could raise so shrill and deep a cry.

I do remember, when my task was o'er,
To find thee waiting, as I left the school,
Beside the iron-girded churchyard door,
With thy wild laugh, which made me look the fool:
Yet did I dearly love the pleasant rule
Which gave, on Saturday, an afternoon
To romp with thee among the yew-trees cool—
To leap o'er graves, or feign the fatal swoon,
Whilst thou heap'd on me leaves along the pathway strewn.

I do remember when I blushing went
To learn a handicraft by which to live,
That my last holiday was with thee spent;
And thou, at nine years old, this pledge did give
That not another gift thou wouldst receive
From other hands than mine, as gently o'er
Thy little breast, which knew not then to heave,
I clasp'd the dark-blue beads of common ore—
And yet how well they look'd the longer they were wore!

My mother, when to her I first thee took,
Bade thee sit on my younger sister's chair,
As I took down the Everlasting Book,
And bade thee read my father's dying prayer—
How that the grave might close his eyes of care,
And be to him a bed of peaceful rest,
Whence he might gladly rise in joy, to share
The presence of his God among the blest,
When the last trump should sound the Lamb's supreme behest.

My parent blest thee as a mother ought,
Yet somewhat coldly call'd thee but a child;
And said thou couldst not well have weigh'd the thought
To link thyself with her own boy so wild:
And yet she praised thine eyes so blue and mild,
Bidding me love no other maid than thee;
And when my sisters thy dear name reviled
To rouse the wrath they laugh'd so much to see,
She chid the unkind word, and check'd their girlish glee.

I do remember well thy stealthy look,
When first I talk'd to thee of passion's power,
While from my hand, which like a palsy shook,
Thou didst refuse to take a proffer'd flower:
True, thou from Time hadst had but a small dower
Of years—thou wast just turn'd thirteen;
Yet hadst thou heard me read to thee the "Gisour,"
And "Lalla Rookh," and Burns's "Halloween,"
His "Highland Mary," and his sweet and "Bonnie Jean."

I do remember that clear summer night
We first sat on the roof of a hewn tree,
When the thin crescent moon seem'd lost in light,
And the pale stars their sisters scarce could see;
Thy twinkling eyes could look alone on me:
Few though the words we to each other said,
Yet never did our lips so well agree—
For the one word for which my heart had pray'd
Was breathed that night by thee, my love-consenting maid.

And we were wed—perhaps too soon in years—
A wife and mother not yet seventeen;
But we had never known the strife, nor tears,
Which unregarded love with scorn doth screen:
Nor had we felt one pang of parting keen:
Our life had been a smooth and gliding stream,
Flowing through a sun-lighted garden scene;
And still that prospect decorates my dream
With flowers bedew'd in love, and radiant with its beam.

I look upon thy elder born with pride,
My blue-eyed, rosy, stalwart, health-proud son;
Long may he walk in gladness by thy side,
And be thy stay when I, mayhap, am gone,
And thou art left to feel thyself alone!
For, though much loved, he never can supply
The corner of thy heart I call my own:
Pride beams too much in thy maternal eye
To love him, as thou hast his father, trustingly!

If we must speak of our departed boy,
Whose loss first taught us what affliction meant,
Mild be the language which our lips employ
To tell how languidly the sufferer leant
Upon his pillow, where alone, eloquent,
The lustre of his death-declining eye—
How his parched lips with aisy seams were rent—
How on his bed he, restless, could not lie,
But in his grandame's arms convulsively did die.

And thou! the dark-eyed daughter of my heart,
Who came to fill the place of him who died,
Light is thy step, thy movements all alert:
Still pride in neatness—be thy temper tried—
So may thy beauty become deified
When thou shalt make some troubled bosom feel
There lurks a vacancy to be supplied:
Be ever pure in heart as light of heel,
Nor from thy mother's ear one secret thought conceal.

My light-hair'd boy—so sensible, so mild,—
Thou image of the lost one! come to me,
And let me press thee in my arms, my child,
For oft my doubting heart doth beat for thee:
I see thee growing like a tender tree,
Whose opening leaves a sweet oblation pay
To the live breath of spring. May Fate decree
That thou shalt be as gentle and as gay
In manhood as thou art in morning of thy May!

But there is still one more to long for me;
'Tis thou, my baby of the coward feet!
Who fear'st to climb thy father's envied knee,
Yet there alone must have thy prideful seat;
The first to watch him coming up the street,
Thy little prattle adds its tiny sound
Among the voices which his ear doth greet.
Bless'd be thy cherub face;—bless'd all around;
For here, my humble home, my joy alone is found.

Thus while before me, in a glad review,
The people of my empire pass in state,
Th' unsated heart returns again to you,
My wife, its hopes and doubts to relate;
To tell thee that its love can ne'er abate,
Although a cloud may on my brow appear:
'Tis thine the gloomy thought to 'lumnate,
By watchfulness the labourer to cheer,
And bid him live through many a gladdening year!

WM. BIGGAR.

THE USE OF MONEY.

The sole use of money is to facilitate exchanges. It is an instrument for the saving of labour, and for the performing of labour with greater accuracy.—*Wayland.*

USE OF FLANNEL.

No modern improvement in dressing has proved so beneficial to health as the use of a woollen garment next the skin. This simple expedient has saved many lives, and would save many more, if adopted to a greater extent, and better understood. The subject is, to the last degree, common-place; but as it involves a question of very serious importance, we hope to be allowed to say a word or two regarding it. In our variable climate, although we know nothing of extremes of heat or cold, we are constantly liable to be chilled or overwarmed, both within and without doors; and it is of importance that we should adopt such clothing as will suit either of these conditions, and prevent us from feeling the change. Flannel effects this desirable object. It keeps our persons warm when exposed to cold, and in the case of heat relieves us by becoming an absorbent for moisture, which it throws off insensibly, leaving the skin in a state of comparative comfort. Linen utterly fails in accomplishing these points. Flannel is thus equally useful in summer as in winter. Some persons imagine that it should be employed only in the winter and cold spring months, and they consequently throw it off on the approach of summer. This is a dangerous fallacy. Flannel should be worn all the year round, never left off a single day on any account. If thrown off from an idea that the weather is getting warm, the skin becomes immediately exposed to the atmospheric influence; the perspiration, if any, cools on the person; the unprotected pores shrink and close; catarrh, or some other disease, under the general name of "a bad cold," ensues; and the victim of imprudence perhaps barely escapes with his life. We strongly recommend all persons whatsoever to avoid this great error, as they value their health or their lives. To wear flannel properly, it should remain upon the person both day and night, and be shifted only once a-week, or thereabouts, according to circumstances. Too frequent shifting is injurious. When employed in this careful manner, and when the tepid bath is also occasionally used, the person is preserved in that comfortable and proper condition, exteriorly, which is the most conducive to health and longevity.

ALL ANIMALS HAPPY IN A STATE OF NATURE.

In a state of nature, no race of animals is unhappy; they are all adapted to the mode of life which God has ordained them to lead, and their chief enjoyment consists in pursuing their natural habits, whatever these may be. The woodpecker, while boring a tree, and clinging to it for hours by its scendent feet, is just as happy as the eagle is when perched upon the mountain cliff, or pouncing on its quarry from the clouds. Neither could lead the life of the other, but each is happy in the state which has been assigned to it: and this is observable throughout all nature. A rat, which burrows in a ditch, is as happy as it could desire, so long as it can find garbage sufficient to feed on; and a heron, immovably fixed watching the approach of small fishes and frogs, has, there can be little doubt, as much pleasure as any lover of the angle can enjoy while wearing out the summer-day in marking his light float, and waiting, in mute expectation, the wished-for bite. We generally, I believe, connect rapidity or slowness of motion with the ideas we form of an animal's happiness. If, like the tortoise, it move with slow and measured steps, we pity or despise, as the mood may be, its melancholy sluggish condition; and the poor persecuted toad has, probably, incurred as much of the odium so unjustly attached to it, by its inactivity, as by the supposed loathsomeness of its appearance. On the other hand, enjoyment seems always to be the concomitant of celerity of motion. A fly, dancing in the air, seems more happy than the spider lurking in his den; and the lark, singing at "heaven's gate," to possess a more joyous existence than the snail, which creeps almost imperceptibly upon a leaf, or the mole, which passes the hours of brightness and sunshine in his dark caverns under-ground. But these and all other animals are happy, each in its own way; and the habits of one, constituted as the creatures are, could form no

source of felicity to another, but the very reverse. Though activity may simulate the appearance of superior enjoyment, we may conceive that, where it is excessive, the animal in which it is so demonstrated must suffer much from fatigue. This would be another mistake, in so far as relates to animals in a state of nature. You are aware, as I have repeatedly told you, that the works of God are all perfect in their kind; but if an animal were formed to lead a life of almost perpetual motion, and that motion were accompanied or followed by fatigue, the work would be imperfect: take the swallow as an example—it is constantly on the wing, except at night. You have known this bird all your lifetime, and therefore are well acquainted with the rapidity and constancy of its flight. From the early morning to the downgoing of the sun, it is for ever dashing through the air with the rapidity of an arrow; but neither morning nor evening does it ever show one symptom of weariness; it has a wing which never tires; and at night it betakes itself to repose, not worn out by the fatigues of the day, but prepared for sleep after what is to it a wholesome exercise.—*Drummond's Letters.*

A HINT TOUCHING LOVE-LETTERS.

THE French have completely of late excelled themselves in the extreme beauty of their note-paper, and the tender and appropriate mottoes by which it is embellished; but there is a description of paper, of which I believe they know the secret, which I think far more desirable for love-letters than the most exquisite of their brightly tinted sheets, embellished with laced borders or painted wreaths. A gentleman of distinction in France once received a letter, warning him of some injuries intended towards him and his family; he placed it in his writing-desk, and the day after wished to recur to it, when, to his great astonishment, he found it crumbled to atoms. The paper had been steeped in some chemical preparation, which in a few hours had corroded and destroyed it. Now, if love-letters were always written on this paper, how much time would be saved!—for young ladies must perforce compress their studies of these precious productions into a very short space of time. How many reputations would be saved!—for destroyed letters, like dead men, can tell no tales. How many lawyers' fees would be saved!—for the most skilful counsellors could never torture a heap of ashes into what they call "documents." How much patience would be saved!—for although it is very delightful to read love-letters addressed to oneself, it is a painful effort of friendship to be obliged to listen to those addressed to other people. How unnecessary, too, would be the postscript, which is never attended to, "Burn this as soon as you have read it!"—the "chemist's magic art" would make the request equal to a command sure to be obeyed.—*Metropolitan Magazine.*

SUBSTITUTES FOR SULPHUR.

SUBSTITUTES for sulphur are used so extensively by manufacturers, that there is every prospect that, if any difficulties continue in the way of their obtaining sulphur itself, they will give up the use of it altogether. The principal substitute is pyrites, which can be obtained in various parts of the United Kingdom—chiefly in Wicklow, Cornwall, and Wales—with the greatest facility. It yields sulphur at a rate of from twenty-five to forty per cent., and though there is a little more trouble in working it than in using sulphur itself, it can be readily applied to every description of manufacture in which that has heretofore been consumed. Already it is said that the consumption of sulphur has diminished one-third, in consequence of the use of pyrites, which is gradually extending, and threatens ultimately to destroy the trade. Those of the British merchants who have capital vested in the Sicilian mines view the increasing application of pyrites with serious alarm; but to the king of Sicily, who has encouraged the introduction of the substitute by upholding an unjust monopoly, and whose staple article is the produce of the mines, the consequences will be absolutely ruinous, unless timely prevented.

THE FEMALE CONVICT TO HER INFANT.

Oh, sleep not, my babe, for the morn of to-morrow
 Shall soothe me to slumber more tranquil than thine;
 The dark grave shall shield me from shame and from sorrow,
 Though the deeds and the gloom of the guilty are mine.
 Not long shall the arm of affection enfold thee;
 Not long shalt thou hang on thy mother's fond breast;
 And who with the eye of delight shall behold thee,
 And watch thee, and guard thee, when I am at rest?

And yet it doth grieve me to wake thee, my dearest,
 The pangs of thy desolate mother to see;
 Thou wilt weep when the clank of my cold chain thou hearest,
 And none but the guilty shall mourn over me.
 And yet I must wake thee—for while thou art weeping,
 To calm thee, I stifle my tears for a while;
 But thou smallest in thy dreams, while thus placidly sleeping,
 And oh! how it wounds me to gaze on thy smile.

Alas! my sweet babe, with what pride had I press'd thee
 To the bosom that now throbs with terror and shame,
 If the pure tie of virtuous affection had bless'd thee,
 And hail'd thee the heir of thy father's high name!
 But now—with remorse that avails not—I mourn thee—
 Forsaken and friendless, as soon thou wilt be,
 In a world, if it cannot betray, that will scorn thee—
 Avenging the guilt of thy mother on thee!

And when the dark thought of my fate shall awaken
 The deep blush of shame on thy innocent cheek;
 When by all but the God of the orphan forsaken,
 A home and a father in vain thou shalt seek,
 I know the base world will seek to deceive thee,
 With falsehood like that which thy mother beguiled;
 Yet lost and degraded—to whom can I leave thee?
 O God of the Fatherless! pity my child!

DALE

SPANISH SUPERSTITION.

You cannot invent a story so absurd, so silly, so stupid, as that a Spanish monk shall not be able to make his countrymen believe it. Such a saint has shed tears—such a virgin has moved her arms, her foot, her head; everybody believes it, because a man in black has told them so. Presently every one affirms that he has seen it: how is it possible afterwards to doubt a thing which the whole town maintains to be true? Voltaire somewhere says, that if twenty thousand men were to come before him, and swear that they had seen a dead person come to life, he would not believe them. In every village in Spain, you may find plenty of people who would affirm that they had beheld this miracle.—*Napier's Military Life.*

IN THE WRONG BOX.

The senior wrangler, of a certain year, piping hot from the Senate-house at Cambridge, went to the play at Drury-lane; it so happened that a certain great personage entered at the same moment, on the other side of the house, but unobserved by the mathematician. The whole house testified their respect by a general rising and clapping of hands. Our astonished academic instantly exclaimed, "Well, well, this is more than I expected; how is it possible that these good people should so soon have discovered that *I am the senior wrangler!*"—*Colton.*

FASHION.

Fashion is a poor vocation. Its creed, that idleness is a privilege, and work a disgrace, is among the deadliest errors. Without depth of thought, or earnestness of feeling, or strength of purpose—living an unreal life, sacrificing substance to show, substituting the factitious for the natural, mistaking a crowd for society, finding its chief pleasure in ridicule, and exhausting its ingenuity in expedients for killing time—fashion is the last influence under which a human being who respects himself, or who comprehends the great end of life, would desire to be placed.—*Channing.*

FIRST DAWNINGS OF REFLECTION.

The man who first begins to reflect, finds himself in a labyrinth whereto he has been led blindfold.—*Hobbes.*

CREATIVE POWER OF THOUGHT.

Oh, reader, had you in your mind
 The stores that silent thought can bring,—
 Oh, gentle reader, you would find
 A soul in everything.—*Wordsworth.*

FIELD-FLOWERS.

Ye field-flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
 Yet, widdings of nature! I dote upon you;
 For ye waft me to summers of old,
 When the earth teem'd around me with fairy delight,
 And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight,
 Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
 Of the blue highland mountains and echoing streams,
 And of birchen glades breathing their balm;
 While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
 And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note
 Made music that sweeten'd the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
 Than ye speak to my heart, little widdings of June!
 Of old ruinous castles ye tell;
 Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
 Where the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,
 And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now what affections the violet awakes!
 What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,
 Can the loved water-lily restore!
 What landscapes I read in the primroses' looks,
 And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks
 In the vetches that tangled their shore!

Earth's cultureless buds! to my heart ye were dear,
 Ere the fever of passion or ague of fear
 Had scathed my existence's bloom;
 Once I welcomed you, Rose, in life's passionless stage,
 With the visions of youth to revisit my age:
 And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

CAMPELL.

TOLERATION.

An enlightened toleration is a blessing of the last age. It would seem to have been practised by the Romans, when they did not mistake the Christians for seditious members of society; and was inculcated even by Mohammed, in a passage of the Koran, but scarcely practised by his followers. In modern history it was condemned, when religion was turned into a political contest, under the aspiring house of Austria—and in Spain—and in France. It required a long time before its nature was comprehended; and to this moment it is far from being clear, either to the tolerators or the tolerated.—*D'Iraqui.*

WHAT IS THINKING?

I had been often told to think. I had heard that I could never rise to greatness of mind by any other method, but the advice was lost upon me. I did not know the meaning of the word. I fancied that musing was thinking, that castle-building was thinking, that recollecting was thinking; in short, that if the mind were employed at all, it could only be in thinking. But I afterwards learned that thought is not in the mere occupation of the mind, but its occupation and active exercise towards a rational conclusion.—*Self-Formation.*

PRESENT USE AND FUTURE PROVISION.

Provide for after-life, so as to enjoy the present; enjoy the present, so as to leave a provision for the time to come.—*Maunder.*

EXPECT DISAPPOINTMENT, AND YOU WILL NOT BE DISAPPOINTED.

For care and trouble set your thought,
 Even when your end's attain'd;
 And all your plans may come to nought
 When every nerve is strain'd.—*Burns.*

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